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Our Own War.

Lord Northcliffe spoke plainly and without passion before the business men of the National Chamber of Commerce. It is conspicuously true of this war that there has been but little of inflammatory appeal. In the main the leaders have talked in a business way and in a business tone of voice.

There was a chance for oratory in the closing paragraph, but oratory is noticeably absent.

While all of us are absolutely determined that the brave quest of Belgium shall get back to her place, she and her young king have been living virtually in the trenches these last three years, and while we are determined that Russia have the support of every one of us in her fight for democracy and that France shall hold her head as high as she ever held it before the war, we all of us know that each of us is fighting his own war.

Here is the plain statement of a plain fact. We are all of us in the war for certain general benefits to mankind, but primarily we are all in the war because our own interests are directly involved.

Everybody knows that if the war should end in anything like a triumph for Germany in Europe our American relations on the western continent would be almost immediately involved. For whether the Kaiser actually said to Ambassador Gerard that he would stand no more nonsense from the United States or not, that would surely be his feeling if his dream of world empire should come anywhere near fruition. The fruition of his dream from the western continent at the back of the United States has always been distasteful to him.

We must keep it frankly before ourselves that we are fighting this war primarily because we feel that now is a better time to fight it, when we have support, than later when we might be alone, and Germany might be vastly more powerful.

It is with the United States as with England, "Our war."

State Rate Case.

The effort in Illinois to set aside the 2.4 cents per mile passenger rate authorized by the interstate commerce commission for railways in this state will be closely watched by every railway executive in the country. It will be just as closely studied by every public service or railway board and by states having a 2-cent per mile law.

The interstate commerce commission holds that 2.4 cents a mile is not excessive, thereby interfering with the state's 2-cent fare measure. Illinois authorities sought an injunction to prevent this action, and by agreement the case is to be fought out in the supreme court of the United States, the hearing to be next week. In the meantime every ticket sold in Illinois carries a coupon with a pledge to redeem the excess, if the state is upheld.

The case is of the utmost importance to the whole country in that national vs. state regulation of railway traffic have met in a head-on collision in this action.

If Illinois wins, matters will remain much as they are at present. If the action of the interstate commerce commission is upheld, the way will be opened for a wide increase of its power and to the possible abolition at some time in the future of many of the restrictive state regulations. The decisions have placed upon the railways.

One Phase of Home Defenses.

"Protect the defective children, provide for their training and proper care, and you will lessen the burden of dependency and delinquency." This is the gist of the advice contained in a new report on mental defectives issued by the children's bureau of the United States department of labor, and appearing with special timeliness now that war conditions may tend to make more serious the problem of delinquent and dependent children.

The report is based on a study of the social conditions of 212 mental defectives in New Castle county, Delaware. A total of 175, or more than four-fifths of these, were in need of public supervision or institutional care because of bad home conditions, physical helplessness, or pronounced anti-social tendencies, and only 12 of them were provided for in an institution adopted to their care. Twenty-six of the defective children were in industrial schools for delinquent children, and of these the report says:

"Institutions for the care of delinquent children are greatly handicapped by the presence of defectives, since they require special attention and exert a bad influence over the normal children. After a short period of residence these defectives are returned to the community without sufficient supervision."

Other defective children with delinquency records were at large in the community; in all, 38 of the 212 defectives studied were delinquent or immoral or difficult to control.

The report suggests that, while any program for the care of mental defectives must have as its central feature suitable institutional provision offering training or custodial care according to the needs of the individual, other activities are equally essential. It is pointed out, for example, that institutional care is not necessary for all mentally defective children, for, contrary to the popular impression, it is found that there are certain types who safely can remain at home provided they have the attention and study which they reserve. However, special provision should be made for their safety, care, and education, and out-patient work of an institution for the feeble-minded, in cooperation with schools, social agencies and families, is referred to as a new and important method of providing in the most humane possible way for such children.

The possibilities of industrial training by which certain types of defectives may gradually become in part self-supporting and the importance of providing facilities for manual education and diagnosis of non-faulty cases are also brought out in the report.

Still Experimenting.

"It was to laugh" when, just a few years ago, Kansas City discovered that the Missouri river is a navigable stream. She had been sitting on the banks of the Big Muddy these many years, and until some one made the experiment, she seems to have believed that the stream could not be navigated. She seemed to have forgotten that 50 years ago many big steamers plowed the broad flood.

And now, we seem to be going through similar experiences. A cargo of freight is shipped from St. Louis to St. Paul, and vice versa. Coal is brought down the Ohio river and iron is shipped from points in Alabama to Cincinnati, by water.

However, it is better that these things be discovered now, if they really need to be discovered, than that experiments be made now than to have the people sitting on the river banks and watching great streams roll by, without ever considering the fact that rivers would be the ideal freight carriers.

The experimental trip here and there surely ought to lead to results. It is fair to assume that whether the help of the national government will amount to more than a bit of verbal or printed encouragement, the rivers will again become the great trade routes of the Mississippi valley. And when that time comes, there will be less talk of this or that section of the valley, but the freight boats and barges will take freight from any place that has freight to ship to any place that freight ought to be taken. It is no wonder that there is practically no freight business on the river now, as there are no through lines. A piece of freight to go from St. Paul to New Orleans would have to be transhipped a number of times and there all existing of time or money would be lost and the transaction become a failure. The box car that runs through is cheaper and more convenient than the transshipping of freight from one boat to another.

After we have discovered that river transportation is practicable, then we shall begin to get some of the benefits from the construction of the Panama canal that of right belongs to us.

Responsibility for Scandal.

Representative Shallenbarger of Nebraska is on the right track in insisting that personal responsibility be established for the errors of judgment which rendered useless the small arm ammunition made at the Frankford arsenal. He is on the right track when he calls upon Brigadier General William Crozier, the chief of ordnance, to resign the responsible position.

General Crozier is head of the department of army work. He is supposed to know and supervise everything that is done under the direction of his bureau. He is supposed to know every member of his corps of assistants and what every one of them does. He is supposed to be responsible for the blame for this blunder as he was in the primers in the right quarter would be to accuse him either of incompetence or gross neglect.

Nobody would think of making such a charge. Neither would anybody suggest that out of friendship or a spirit of officers-sticking-together, he was shielding a man whom he knew to be guilty. Presumably he has not yet told because the matter has not been put to him directly in the form of a question. Now let Mr. Shallenbarger ask and let General Crozier answer. Afterwards, there will be no need to prolong the investigation.

Max Harden has a well developed sense of humor, but his little joke is susceptible of improvement. He raises an international laugh by asking President Wilson to call an armistice. This is undoubtedly funny, but how much richer it would be if he addressed his appeal to the Kaiser.

The draft in Maine has developed a soldier who, on his way to camp, rode in a train and in an automobile and took pictures for the first time in his life. He is now prepared with the rest for the first sign of a trench.

They are training a large force of American aviators now to bomb the enemy, but their skill is to be demonstrated on his fighting lines and not on his women and children in open cities.

Dame Fashion decrees that women shall be "tall and slender," but old Dame Nature merrily treads her way, making just as many short and stout as she used to.

The people of Illinois could wish for nothing better than a chance at Mayor "Bill" Thompson, whether as a candidate for the senate or something else.

France is grieving more for the missing Geymeyer, aviator of the deadly aim, than she would for the president of the republic.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

THE WIND BEFORE THE DAWN.

(How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace—Isaiah.)

Since the cherubim o'er Eden flashed the menace of the sword Upon sacrificial altars bath the blood of martyrs poured. Through long ages, dark with midnight, tho' its beams fell faint and far God's own hand within the shadow kept alight Hope's guiding star; While the slaves of greed and power, God endowed to think and feel, Sought their heritage of Freedom in war's thunderous appeal.

But at last the far-flung power of the hoisted rights of kings Vanished before the sunlight that the dawn of Freedom brings! There is clang of breaking fetters and the clash of falling thrones. For a strange new note is sounding in the war's chaotic tones: In the throes of deadly conflict crosses and kingdoms pass away— Like a storm before the coming of a new and perfect day.

Lost of power and possession, all oppression's hellish spawn, Flee before the vibrant whisper of the wind before the dawn! For a great world-power waketh that shall bid the strife to cease And intone our benediction in a sacred hymn of peace!

Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace—Isaiah. To the self and bondman Freedom, gives them liberty from kings! Soon the lifting smoke of battle shall America reveal.

As the hearer of the message and the keeper of the seal: For the call across the waters half a mighty nation heeds— And they rise as men and brothers! They shall speak the final word. Under Freedom's starry banner, men of brain and men of brawn— for the power of the nation is the wind before the dawn! —Edith Daley, San Jose Mercury Herald.

"Waited—a man to care for a case who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir."—From Christian Register.

J. M. Co. Heard on an arsenal car yesterday morning, evidently spoken by a passenger of German descent. "Day tell me some of these 'civilized war'." —J. T. S.

More War Prosperity Madness. Stringtown is enjoying a boom as W. J. Davis is digging a cellar and E. A. Roberts has painted his hen house. —Stringtown correspondent.

Exonerating Mr. Campbell. We wish to correct a local in last week's issue concerning Robert J. Campbell. He is from Nebraska, instead of Kansas. —Portland O. Herald.

Another Grave Question. The ladies' society of the old Fox Trot Mill neighborhood will meet with Miss Tillie Wiggins next Tuesday evening. The subject for discussion will be "What'll we do with our garden when we get to wearing socks?" —Paris (Mo.) Mercury.

JABS AND JIBES. The caustic season makes stirring times in the kitchen. Our idea of something exciting is a Roman standing race on motor-cycles.

The humane officers should investigate the story of one of our correspondents who said a certain man had a fox killed by lightning one day last week.

A new kind of whisky glass has been invented, which will make it convenient for the owner to place it snugly away in the attic, where it will occupy little room in the attic box.

Little Louis is sure about the war because it is making more and more history for him to study.

Nothing in the world has more grip than a corduroy suit. —Charles Leedy in Youngstown Telegram.

THE IMPOSSIBLE. They are knitting in the parlor. They are knitting in the hall. In the dining room and kitchen, And beside the garden wall; Knitting socks and things for soldiers, Knitting knits and things for train. Any time or any weather. Be it sunning, be it rain. Almost everywhere you see 'em. Always at it good and strong. In the a. m. or the p. m. Knitting, knitting, all day long. But odd enough and strangely. There is one place they can't knit. And that is in the over-crowded lot. —R. P. McPhee.

Before marriage a woman clasps a man's neck. Afterward she walks on it. —Milwaukee News.

Did you ever notice how money can get up the family skeleton until it doesn't look the part? —Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Some people are so simple minded that a sharper would not have any trouble selling them stock in a brass mine. —New Orleans States.

Paste This in Your Bonnet. Editor Wade H. Harris has been in Washington and the opinion he found there as to the probable duration of the war, from talks with those with whom he came in contact, is about the same as that expressed by the Sentinel after interviews with a number of men prominent in public life recently. All seem to agree that the conflict will not continue more than a year longer. Of course, nobody knows about this. It may continue longer or not as long, but those in touch with the situation in Washington are in better position, perhaps, to judge of such things. Their views are interesting, at any rate. —Winston-Salem (N. C.) Sentinel.

J. M. C.

WILHELM: "COME, BELGIUM, LOOK YOUR PRETTIEST, WE ARE GOING TO THE PEACE CONFERENCE."



The Day in Davenport

Veteran Wants to Enlist—M. E. Crosswell, 73 years of age, Civil war veteran, wants to fight again for the stars and stripes. He wrote Chief Master at Arms James Sullivan, officer in charge of the local war recruiting station, pleading that he be allowed to enter the service. "There here is a place somewhere for a veteran of the war gone—a fighter who still retains his health and activity," the aged veteran's letter reads. Crosswell resides at Wellman, Iowa. He said he would come to Davenport at any time and take the examinations. "Rush an answer," he said. And he concluded, "Yours to win the war." Chief Sullivan replied by mail, stating the patriotic spirit of 63 years most assuredly very much in evidence. He kindly informed the aged patriot that it was impossible for the navy department to accept him. He was too old. But he lauded the veteran for his patriotism and his loyalty to the flag.

Is Remarkable Case—One of the most remarkable instances of a person cured from infantile paralysis that has been observed in Davenport since the disease became epidemic, was recorded by Health Officer Tom Kennedy, when Marie McCabe, 39½, Bellevue, was released from quarantine. The child was violently ill for a time. Physicians worked hard, and at times Will Hare to serve. Twice exemplified by the local and district exemption boards and the discharges later called. Arthur Peterson of McCasland will now be compelled to serve in the national army, according to a ruling of the district exemption board. Peterson was called by the Scott county board and exempted. The local board later reversed its ruling and ordered Peterson for service. The latter appealed to the district board and the board granted a discharge, but later reversed its ruling and affirmed the local board's decision. Peterson then filed a claim for exemption on Vocational ground. This claim has been denied.

Try Case Over Again.—The case of Carroll vs. the Tri-City Railway company, an action to recover damages in the sum of \$30,000 alleged to be for personal injuries, will be retried in the September term of the Scott county district court. A verdict for \$9,000 was returned in favor of the plaintiff by a jury in the March term and this verdict was later set aside by the court on an error. The case will be called Monday before Judge A. P. Barker. F. A. Cooper and Bollinger & Block represent the plaintiff. Lane & Waterman and Cook & Balluff are attorneys for the defendant.

Hobbs Goes to Pen.—John Hobbs, aged 39, indicted for conspiracy following an attempt to escape from the Scott county jail, pleaded guilty before Judge F. D. Letts in the Scott county district court and was sentenced to the state penitentiary at Joliet, Ill., for a term not exceeding three years. Hobbs indicated a desire to plead Wednesday, but was restrained from doing so by his attorney, E. C. Willis. He asked Willis to withdraw from the case and employed Attorney B. T. O'Neil to represent him. A formal plea of guilty was then entered to the charge of conspiracy.

Hockensmith Gets Bond.—Frank Hockensmith, arrested on the charge of violation of the liquor law, was released on \$500 bond by United States Commissioner Bach. The man's case was continued until Oct. 6 when preliminary hearing will take place. The original appearance bond was \$1,000. The United States Commissioner, however, reduced it to \$500. W. J. Bryson signing the bond.

Leniently Pleas Fails.—A plea for leniency on the ground that the defendant had served the state of Iowa in its campaign to drive out bootleggers and keepers of immoral houses, failed to save Earl Staley, indicted by the Scott county grand jury for conspiracy, from going to state penitentiary. Staley pleaded guilty before Judge F. D. Letts and was sentenced to serve three years in the state reformatory at Anamosa. He was implicated with John Hobbs and Charles Staley in an unsuccessful attempt to escape from the Scott county jail.

Response Is Slow.—Since noon Wednesday, the library war fund here has been increased by \$85. The total amount now being \$634.50. Response to the plea for money to buy books for soldiers at camps and in France has been slow, compared to the work done in other cities. Rock Island completed its quota Wednesday, and other cities are contributing to the fund to a large extent. More small contributions are asked by the local public library.

Speech Vote Oct. 15.—Scott county's special election machinery for Oct. 15 was practically completed with the appointment of township trustees and clerks to serve as judges and clerks of the election in the county precincts. Election officials for the city precincts were named a week ago by County Auditor Joseph Wagner. Special instructions governing the prohibition amendment election were received by the auditor from W. S. Allen, secretary of state.

Obituary Record.—Charles Fagenberg passed away at the home of his mother, Mrs. Anna Fagenberg, 1626 West Second street, yesterday morning at 10:30 o'clock, following an illness of six months' duration. He was born in Davenport Aug. 23, 1858. Besides his mother, three sisters, Mrs. Bertha Schroeder, Mrs. Carl Schroeder, Miss Edna Fagenberg and a brother, John Fagenberg, survive.

Questions and Answers. The Crime of Being Fat. It was rather hard on us fat folks to read your allegation that it is criminal to be stout, and that fat folks just lack the strength to do anything but eat and sleep. We imagined we had a moderate supply of that commodity and that we tried to use it to advantage, yet it did fail to reduce our flesh, we must admit. We imagine our good Dr. Brady is one of those lean, lanky fellows who can put away three or four hearty meals a day and still remain lean. I am considerably overweight although I have eaten scarcely two dozen suppers in the past three years. I eat much less than some of the skinny members of our family. Why do they stay thin while I grow fat? It is not possible that there is something wrong with the human machine which accounts for it? I do much more work than thin men in the family who remain thin. (M. M.)

Answer.—Of course it is possible. The statement you make is that the article is now unbelieved and we are frankly disappointed that our fat readers made such a poor showing in the debate. Had they been awake to their opportunity they might easily have refuted the charge by quoting some of our own remarks previously published here. Ask your doctor what is wrong with your ductless glands.

The Daily Short Story

MAN OF MOUNTAIN.

By Louise Oliver.

Elinor drew back involuntarily when she saw the man, for she had supposed she was alone amidst the grandeur of the mountains. It was the time of day she loved, the long, restful twilight, when the lake and pines looked like great splashes of ink on a canvas of silver white.

The stillness and majesty of the place rested her, and she needed rest, for she had worked feverishly all day on the first chapters of her new book.

There had been a party in the afternoon. The girls had asked some people to the lodge for tennis, and Elinor had expected to play, but at 2 o'clock repeated rapping at her door had failed to get any response, and they knew that Elinor was having one of her days. One couldn't get her out of her study with anything short of dynamite.

"You'll be sorry, sis," Betsy had called through the keyhole. "The party lays sent word they were coming over and the Garretts, and what do you think—Weldon Berg is coming. Surely you don't want to miss him. He's only coming on your account, because you are an author. Mrs. Garrett told me so herself."

"Go away, Betsy," was all the answer this had elicited.

Elinor knew vaguely that she wanted to go out and play tennis and to know Weldon Berg, but even the best known writer of his time must be neglected until her precious book was started.

Now the day was nearly done. After dinner she had changed to some outing things and gone out alone. She took her favorite path down to the edge of the lake where a canoe was tied. It was then she saw the man. He was sitting in a rather dejected attitude on the narrow strip of beach facing the water. His knees were drawn up, his arms embracing them, and his head was drooping forward inertly.

She hesitated, not knowing whether to go forward or back. To go farther meant discovery, to go back without knowledge meant—she caught her lips between her teeth and tried to think.

But the thing was decided for her, for the man lifted his head and looked at her.

"Please don't go away," he said. "I wasn't sure if you were. John's been replying as evenly as he could, coming the rest of the way down to the beach."

He rose and held out his hand. She put her own in it and shook it gravely, looking deep into his eyes with the old searching smile that always made her feel so unsteady.

"Won't you sit down and talk to me, Nora, or were you going boating? May be you'll let me be your gondolier. I'll promise not to rock the boat."

"I'm really out for exercise," she said hastily. "Suppose we walk inland."

"Just as you like. It really doesn't matter just so I'm with you, Elinor."

She reddened hotly. "Don't talk that way, John."

"Why? De I have to tell you? Because you've been four years deciding whether or not you'd like to be with me. It's flattering to have you decide in the affirmative, but too late to be appreciated."

"Nora, what do you mean—four years deciding? Didn't we agree? It was your own suggestion to wait. I told you I loved you. I've come as I promised. I tried today, I tried last summer. I tried two years ago. And when you refused to see me, what was I to think?"

"I'm ashamed to that."

"I'm ashamed to that you. This is the first time I've heard of you since I left the Tribune to take up my other work."

"Nora, the first you've—do you honestly mean that you didn't avoid me purposely? Look at me, dear."

"Of course not, John."

"The name enlightened him."

"Listen, Nora, don't you remember that I used to write editorials under another name?"

"Yes—I believe you did; but I never remembered it. You were too modest to mention your own name. I had forgotten."

"And the name was John. I lost my identity. When the editorial wasterlines grew to the size of pocket palimpsests, my publishers wouldn't let me mention the name. I'm Weldon Berg. I thought you knew it, Nora, are you Weldon Berg?"

"Yes, dear."

"And you did come today, and last year, and the year before, and I wouldn't see you. I remember now."

"Tell me you love me, dear. We'll forget the rest."

"Yes, I love you, John, better than anything in the world."

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Daily History Class

SEPTEMBER 28.

536 B. C.—Remarkable victory of 10,000 Greeks over more than 20,000 Persians at Marathon.

1781—General Washington's army established its lines in front of Yorktown.

1870—Strasbourg, chief city of French Alsace-Lorraine, surrendered to the Germans.

1914—Austrian forts at Cattaro sank a French battleship. German right flank attacked the allies between Arras and Roye and was repulsed.